

Tailor. Well, we will talke more of this, when the solemnity
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

Enter Daughter.

When that shall be scene, I tender my consent.

Wooc. I have Sir; here shee comes.

Tailor. Your Friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old busines: But no more of that.
Now, so soone as the Court hurly is over, we will
Have an end of it: I th meane time looke tenderly
To the two Prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their Chamber; tis pittie they
Are in prison, and twer pittie they should be out: I
Doe thinke they have patience to make any adversity
Asham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and
They have all the world in their Chamber.

Tailor. They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but flatters 'em, they
Stand a greife above the reach of report. *(doers.)*

Iai. I heard them reported in the Battaille, to be the only

Daugh. Nay most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I
Mervaille how they would have lookd had they beene
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce
A freedome out of Bondage, making misery their
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jest at.

Tailor. Doe they so?

Daugh. It seemes to me they have no more sence of their
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate
Well, looke merrily, discourse of many things,
But nothing of their owne restraint, and disasters:
Yet sometime a devided sigh, martyrd as twer
I th deliverance, will breake from one of them.
When the other presently gives it so sweete a rebuke,
That I could wish my selfe a Sigh to be so chid,
Or at least a Sigher to be comforted.

Wooc. I never saw 'em.

Tailor. The Duke himselfe came privately in the night;

Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I

Know

Know not: Looke yonder they are; that's
Arcite lookes out.

Daugh. No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the
Lower of the twaine; you may perceive a part
Of him.

Iai. Goe too, leave your pointing; they would not
Make us their object; out of their sight.

Daugh. It is a holliday to looke on them: Lord, the
Diffrence of men. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter *Palamon*, and *Arcite* in prison.

Pal. How doe you Noble Cosen?

Arcite. How doe you Sir?

Pal. Why strong enough to laugh at misery,
And beare the chance of warre yet, we are prisoners
If eare for ever Cosen.

Arcite. I beleeeve it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laide up my houre to come.

Pal. Oh Cosen *Arcite*,
Where is *Thebes* now? where is our noble Country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youthes strive for the Games of honour
(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)
Like tall Ships under saile: then start among 't 'em
And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behinde us,
Like lazy Clowdes, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg
Out-strip the peoples praises, won the Garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O never
Shall we two exercise, like *Twyns* of honour,
Our Armes againe, and feele our fyry horses
Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now
(Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r were)
Bravishd our sides, like age must run to rust,
And decke the Temples of those gods that hate us,

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These